

Leggo My Eggo by I_love_1_Android

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Summary:

While Hopper is living in the secluded cabin with El he realises that her diet could improve, so he decides to broaden her pallet. First with a new type of Waffle.

Leggo My Eggo

Author's Note:

This is a pretty active WIP and my first Stranger Things fic and as such could receive some edits from time to time.
Hope you enjoy it :)

There was nothing outward about Jim Hopper to suggest that he would make a good parent, no paternal pride or eagerness to be around children. No warmth or nurturing instinct. In fact he seemed to do everything in his power to disprove the theory.

His costume of a gruff voice, large gutted Dad Body and Tobacco habit was certainly enough to make the outside world see him as nothing more than a typical useless small town cop. This was kinda nice because of the fact that nobody looked twice when weird shit started happening in Hawkins,

Yet this was the weirdest shit that had *ever* happened! Here he was in the middle of nowhere cracking eggs into a bowl for his kid, who was sat in front of the TV with a face like thunder. She was counting down the days until she could see her best friends again, and was beginning to get impatient. Each and every movement of her head made him cringe, just in case she threw or broke something. Like she had her photo of Mike which she'd tossed like a discus out the window pretty much the same day as she'd received it.

She was frustrated, not only with him but with the world around her, this because she had the same understanding of life and fate as any kid. That she deserved something she should receive it. It was a selfish, *stupid* worldview... that kids were entitled to health, happiness and good fortune just because they were young. Yet he would have to work around it if he were to keep her happy.

He couldn't afford for her to go off the rails, and for an instant he felt the squeeze in his heart of any parent who had to do something hard to protect someone he held pretty close to his heart. He didn't like to

say love. He corrected himself whenever he thought like this, and got too close. As if approaching something dangerous, like a Demogorgon. El wasn't *strictly* his kid but then again he was as much of a father as she'd ever had. Her "Real" Father had isolated her, shoved her into a cold dank cell and forced her to do crazy shit with her mind until she bled out of her nose. He was already doing better on that front.

Still... it was tricky to treat her with anything but intense frustration as fear covertly lurked in his gut, turning paternal feelings nasty and harsh. But fortunately only in his mind for the most part.

Any other kid he could easily have quietened down with a look, but this kid... his kid... his responsibility could break windows, split dimensions in two or snap people's necks when she had a temper tantrum. Hardly ordinary childcare risks for people in such a small town.

"shit!" He cussed under his breath as he noticed a tiny speck of shell floating in the yolk. With a swift sweep of the finger he scooped it out and not caring about all the other trash that had accumulated on the sideboard flung it onto the worktop with a shake of the hand.

The idea to bake something had sprung into his mind a few days ago, when he caved and tried her favourite food. Eggos. They were round, yellow discs of waffle that came in a box and you cooked in the toaster. He concluded after a single bite, when his teeth sank into the soggy snack, that they tasted disgusting.

"You actually like these things?" He asked around a mouthful of food.

"Yep" El replied similarly laden with waffles. "They're good."

Hopper had to disagree "They taste like wet cardboard..." he said, spitting the mush back onto the plate

He then pushed his plate away from him and it was immediately pounced on by the 13 year old. Who wasted no time in throwing the leftovers down her throat.

"Whoah Whoah Whoah!" Hopper objected before she could take a bite of the last one. "You'll choke. Do I not feed you?"

Pulling the plate back to himself the kid looked pissed, he could tell... she was doing the usual evil look from underneath her eyebrows. "You can eat them." Hopper said, to protect himself from any projectiles she might be scouting out for "Just slower. We gotta get you eating a better breakfast though, Styrofoam isn't food."

"Styrofoam?"

"What we use to pack stuff."

And that's how he got here.

He began whisking, and as he was whisking he walked over to the record player to nudge the needle onto the vinyl. As soon as the music started to drift through the apartment El pushed the hair out of her face and forcefully looked at the tv long enough that it turned off, then she got up.

"What're you doing?" She asked with a frown as she arrived at the door

"You'll see" Hop returned, with a smile. He proceeded to waltz back to the kitchen counter and started pouring the extra ingredients into the mix.

She watched him for what felt like hours, trying not to burst out laughing at his gloriously dorky dad dancing which would occasionally bleed through his normally harsh exterior. When he turned his back to her and started making the odd concoction he was producing sizzle El came to his elbow to try and figure out what was going on. Right in front of her eyes the batter was morphing, bubbling and forming into something which looked suspiciously like an eggo.

"Is that a waffle?"

"Only the best you've ever tasted."

Within a few moments the treat was scooped up off the iron and onto a plate, where it sat steaming in front of El. She looked suspiciously at it, but then began picking at it with her tiny fingers, until she'd broken a large chunk off and stuffed it into her mouth. Her eyes, which had been cold and calculating so much before suddenly melted

filling with awe.

"Good?" Hopper asked with a wry smile

"The best" El replied with a twinkle in her eye.

maybe he I am a good dad...

maybe... things are gonna turn out alright after all. Jim thought as he began eating his own breakfast (far superior to Eggos)